## PARIS TOPICS.

A DINNER AT THE ELYSEE-THE NEW ACADEMICIAN.

[FROM THE REQULAR CORRESPONDENT OF THE TRIBENE, ] The first reception for the season at the Executive Palace came off last night. It was preceded by a dinner given to the Corps Diplomatique, to which, as Minister of Foreign Affairs, M. Jules Ferry was invited. Mandarin Tseng was also bidden, but as he was unavoidably absent in England, Tching Tchang, his first secretary, replaced him. Another absentee was Prince Orloff, The places of henor were given, on Mme, Grévy's side of the tab e, to the Papal Nuncio, Monsignor Rende, and Lord Lyons, now the senior Ambassador here. M. Grévy sat between Madame Membrea and the Countess Hoyos, the one representing the Queen of Italy and the other the Empress of Austria. The Countess had the insignia of her rank displayed on the top of a comb, which was stuck, not in the "back" but the "side" hair, near the top of her head. Mrs. Levi P. Morton was in a crimson dress, and, although suffering from neuralgia, was bright and animated. The United States Minister looked fatigued, and no wonder. The trichinosis panie has given him a orld of trouble. For many weeks he has had trichinosis on the brain, though quite free from the disease. The trouble he has gone to in mastering statistics with which he hopes to refute the Paul Bert theory should insure him the eternal gratitude of the pork-curing trade at Cincinnati and Chicago. He has been at a world of pains to learn how many authentic deaths there have been in France from the eating of bad bacon; what the resisting power of the trichine is to salt, smoke and boiling water, and what evidence has been brought into court against the American hog. The opinions of scientists have been taken, and Mr. Morton has a good answer to the case made out by the friends of the French farmers, who wish to close the markets here against all foreign pork, but have not the courage to do so avowedly. They think it better to raise a trichinosis cry, and to libel the American hog by declaring that it is used to replace the scavenger at the homestead of the American farmer. The mean at the Elysée did not embrace any form of swine's flesh. It was on Bristol board with a narrow gilt edge, and the initials of the President (J. G.) intertwined at the top. All the dishes had foreign or monarchical names. There were " Potage Princesse," " Crême le valaille à la Royale," "Petites Bouchées à la Régence," and Roast Beef à l'Anglaise." An account of the dinner was given to me by a member of a legation.

Many of the President's guests had been to the reception at the Academy, and had much to say about it. In his quality of a poet, General Pittie, M. Grévy's military secretary, went to the Palais Mazarin. The reception was more than usually interesting inasmuch as Victor Hugo attended as one of the two sponsors of M. Patilleron, the accepted in virtue of his enormous weight, as a genuine r/cipiendaire. The other sponsor was M. Gaston elub committee, remains to be seen. Meanwhile there is Boissier, who replaced M. Emile Augier, the dramatic author being suffering from au attack of influenza. There was a brilliant audience under to pillar should the flual legal decision be against the the cupola, and the outside crowd was almost a proper "constitution" of the mushroom gambling clubs Paris wished again to see its idol. multitude. Victor Hugo. He was in a black evening suit prance, as everybody is aware, baccarat has been of old-fashioned cut, and white crayat. He gravely decided to be a game of skill, and in Paris is does not own a palm-embroidered coat and said played at every Cerele except the Jockey Club. In fact a that at his age it would be foolish to buy one. It is, by the way, capital fun to hear the outery of the Because he was Victor Hugo he was allowed to act Nizzards or Niçois against the gambling at Monaco while as godfather in an ordinary evening coat. He | two gigantie " hells," the Cerele de la Mediterranée and seemed to bear his years well, and stood the Cercle Massena, exist at Nice itself, as well as a score when the ceremony was over for nearly ten min- or more of smaller establishments. At Monte Carlo the utes in the court chatting with numerous friends. game is at least supposed to be conducted on fair and Though the air was sharp he did not wear a great coat, and whenever he spoke to a lady he did so with hared head. As M. Pailleren writes light "Chemin de Fer" takes up the cards, just as people did in coat, and whenever he spoke to a lady he did so with bared head. As M. Pailleron writes light dramas for the Theatre Français, Mme. Samary-Lagarde and Mademoiselles Bartet, Reichembourg, Marsy and Baretta were favored by him with Itajuba, the Princesse Mathilde, Madame About and her two daughters, the Countess Potocka (sister of the Princess Pignatelli), and nearly all the Rothschild connection were present.

Madame Pailleron is a daughter of the late M. Buloz, of the Herne des Deux Mondes, and is auburn haired and rather good looking. She had her trimmed with white Venetian lace. Madame Locksatin, and had pale blush roses in her hat. The Hugo children, one of whom is almost a young lady, were beside her. She had for a near neighbor the | Campbell's Act, is the author of a hideously loathsome queenly Madame Pelouze, sister of M. Grévy's sou- and sickening book called "Charôlt s'Amuse." Marie and a hat to match. It is not considered putting her name to an utterly blackguard volume call good taste to go finely dressed to the Academy. But I suppose to be fashionably clothed attack upon Madame Nilsson. She and Romaetain apis the normal state of most of the ladies above men. | Pear to be worthy of each oher. | No English publisher tioned. Mme. Wilson was in black cashmere and

velvet. M. Pailleron succeeds the late Charles Blanc. He is a middle-aged man, looking younger than his years, has straight facial lines, an intrepid rather than a conceited air, and a full, neatly trimmed brown beard. The hair is thick, rather curly, and not to be repressed by comb and brush. It is easy so see that M. Pailleron has been long in the enjoyment of opulence. There is no dramatic author who reaps more pecuniary advantages from his plays, which are flimsy, light, amusing, clover, very sparkling, and just suit the comedians of the Theatre Francais and Tuesday evening subscribers, M. Parilleron was an attorney's clerk and then for eighteen months a soldier. His first play was a success. It was "Le Parasite" and intended to satirize the manners of the best society under the Empire. It was written in the Quartier Latin, for the Quartier Latin, and first played in 1860 at the Odeon, where it was followed in 1861 by "Le Mur Miteven" or Boundary Wall," which took the town by storm. Gambetta and many of his friends who have since occupied great positions went to appland it as Quartier Latinists. The director of the Français sent a flattering and advantageous offer to the young author, who at once closed with it. since he accepted it, he has written only for that theatre, on the boards of which were successively played "Le Dernier Quartier," "Helène," "Les Faux Ménages," which shocked Mrs. Grundy. "Le Monde ou Fon S'Amuse," "L' Age Ingrat," or "The Hobbledehoy"; "Après le Bal," and "Le Monde on l'on S'Ennui," Pailleron's plays are like oriental gauzes brightened up with patterns woven in gold and silver threads. The phraseology is essentially modern, and if it wants music, is striking and to the point. He does not hold the mirror up to nature, and evolves often from his moral consciousness. He is rather smart than witty. No comparison can be instituted between humand Sheridan or Goldsmith. What he does is essentially Particle de or Goldsmith. What he does is essentially l'article de l'aris, but it is charming as any of the artificial flowers or false jewels that are sold in the Rue de la Paix. Like the author, they bear the stamp of unpretentious elegance, and are as pleasant to read as agreeable to see acted. But I imagine that they would lose their most taking qualities if translated. They are like those wines with a fine bouquet that

Ill bear being decanted.

M. Failleron gave a charming biographical ketch of Louis as well as of Charles Blane. The two brothers were too closely associated in their lives to be separated by posthunous biographers. Charles was a reed painted to resemble iron, and Louis was iron, forged and colored to resemble the swaying reed. He was gentle-mannered, polished, and yielding to the point of seeming obsequious. Nevertheless, his temper was proud, tenacious, and disposed to revolt against all that appeared to him contrary to principles of justice or the sentiments of honor and sociability which were so deeply implanted in his nature. M. Pailleron owes to Madame Charles Blanc his knowledge of circumstances beplanted in his nature. M. Pailleron owes to Madamo Charles Blanchis knowledge of circumstances belonging to the history of her late husband's family, which were new to the public. I was intimately acquainted with Louis Blanc, and always heard him speak of himself as an orphan from the age of six, when he was placed in the College of Rodez by his mother. The impression I gathered from him was that she was a widow and obliged to send him from Paris to Rodez in a maile poste, the driver of which agreed to take him as a little "bundle" and therefore greatly below the tariff price. Her husband, M. Pailleron learned, was not dead but in a lumatic asylum and had nothing but a small pension which Louis XVIII, gave him because his father had been guillotined in the Revolution as a friend of the Royal family. The school nomination was obtained by Baron

Ill bear being decanted.

Capelle, afterward one the Ministers of Charles X.,

Who signed the ordinances.

The surviving parent was thought to be cured. But the emotion caused by the fail of Charles X. and the imprisonment of Baron Capelle utterly deprived him of his reason. Louis Philippe suppressed his small annuity, and the poor mad man was thrown suitable more than the poor mad man and the imprisonment of Baron Capelle utterly deprived him of his reason. Louis Philippe suppressed his small annuity, and the poor mad man was thrown entirely upon his sons for bread and protection. He obtained a second nomination for Charles, a slow and indeed dull boy, who would not have been able to remain in the school if Louis had not sedulously aided him. When the lads came to Paris their mother was dead, and they had no means of placing their father in an asylum. I believe a unaiden annut, who was also very poor herself, was the good angel of the family. Charles used to do the marketing and a servant's work. Louis served as an attorney's clerk, gave lessons and wrote for journals. The history of his public career is well known to the readers of The TRIBUNE, to which journal, when he resided in London, he was a regular contributor. Charles adopted the profession of engraver, but was most famous as an art critic. The money with which he bought the three villas at St. Gratian was made with reviews of "Saions," accounts of visits to the galleries of Italy, Holland and England, and esthetic works.

Victor Hugo had read M. Pailleron's speech the day before it was delivered and was charmed with it. He remembered it so well that he said he knew in advance, where to appland.

## LONDON GOSSIP.

AN ENGLISHMAN'S NOTES ON ENGLISH TOPICS.

[FROM AN OCCASIONAL CORRESPONDENT OF THE TRIBUNE.]

Le monde viveur is terribly exercised by the success of the police in obtaining summonses against the bacearat club or hell keepers. Who have set them at deflance for some time past. Whether baccarat and poker are or are not games of chance is not so much the question as what is a properly constituted club. At present legal authority is against all but geauine clubs in which every member is a part proprietor. The greater clubs are for the most part of this kind and are as unassallable by the law as a private house. But the proprietary clubs, that is, such as have a committee for electing members, but are "run" by one proprietor who charges a good round profit on all he sells, are beginning to quake. Some of the most fashionable and aldest established clubs are not genuine joint-stock affairs like the Reform and the Carlton, but are run by a proprietor. Those cele-brated clubs known as White's, Brooks's and Boodle's have been "run" by proprietors ever since they were originally founded as coffee-houses by persons who had saved money in the service of the nobility and gentry. It is true that all these, like the Orleans and numerous young proprietary clubs, have genuine committees properly elected themselves and electing members after due in-

Now at Jenekes's pince, called ithe Park Club, in Parkplace, St. James's-st., the committee seems to consist of "Jinks" himself and an individual known as "Fatty" Coleman, who first figured prominently as manager of chief showman at the Westmirster Aquarium and afterward became the leading spirit of the Lotos Club, an epicene institution not in the least literary or in any way like the famous Lotes Club in New-York. Nothing took place at the London Lotos of a more literary character than the signing of checks not invariably drawn against genuine balances. "Fatty" Coleman is now Jinks's "nearest follower or henchman," but whether he will be terrible disarray among the army of "Johnnies" and " Chappies" who are in danger of being hunted from post which have sprung up of late in every direction. In my early youth at John Chamberlain's in New-York Ciry. the instant "Slippery Dick " limped in and took his seat in the dealer's place.

There is no occasion to cheat at any of these places, but

tickets. Nor did he forget Madame Adam, who the habit of a life is difficult to shake off. At Monaco as figures in "Le Monde on Pon S'Ennui" along with at a New-York fare bank there is quite percentage the late Mune, d'Hanasonville. Baron and Baroness | enough to pay the banker, but I doubt its satisfying the professional " sport." Also there is plenty of percentage at Jinks's in the way of fees for taking the bank, eashing checks, and so forth. But I always doubt the proprietor of a "heil" and the rapid dealers he "rings There is great store of people who can make the cards do everything but talk.

notorious old soldier of la cicille garde, Marie Colombier, but probably the work of that indescribable scribe, M. in-law. She was in dark brown velvet and scalskin | Colombian made herself notorious some time since by would print their works any more than any lady or gentleman would speak to them.

A few nights ago I perceived a divided duty, and was oblived to perform a feat like that of Mr. Irving in the "Courier of Lyons," a play in which I recommend every reader of THE TRIBUNE to see the most picturesous of modern noters. A new play by Mr. Pineco was brought out at the Globe Theatre, while next door at the Opera comique Miss Lotta appeared in a new version of "The Old Carlosity Shop," written for her by Mr. Charles Dickens the younger. Lotta was very well received and heartily applicaded, but neither she nor Miss Minuis Paimer is suited to a cultivated audience. They are what I believe are called "summer season actresses" in New-York and Boston, and only fit to amuse a vulgar, transient population. Their performance is purely of the pigger minstrel or music hall class, which sends persons of culture and refinement sadly home to supper.

It is, I may parenthetically observe, disgusting that there is no place in London at which one can give a lady a few oysters, a chicken or labster salad, or a cold quall for supper, as you can in New-York, except in the Orleans Club under very stringent conditions. own suppers comfortably enough at any of half a dozen chais but are often obliged to take ladies home from the eatre before going out to spend the evening. This is very disagreeable and makes us feel selfish and unpleasant. If poor Charles Delmonico, whose end is deeply deployed on this side, could keep the always insolent and intrusive hetairer out of his restaurant in New-York, somebody ought to be able to do so in London.

This is the more curious as all American " institu ns" are very popular in London. Two nights ago I dired on gumbo soup, terrapin and canvas-back duck, not to mention the" punkin pie with nutures into it" beloved of Josh Billings. Buckwheat cakes are too "sted gy " for us, but tomate soup-unknown here a few years ago, is now in high tayor, as such a delightful soun-

deserves to be. To return to Mr. Pinero's play of "Low Water," it is an absolute fullure. It is incoherent as well as vulgar. So bad is it that one cannot understand how any person who had ever seen a lady or gentleman could write such a play as this or " Lords and Commons." At the clab the other night the following doggerel was passed around among the choice spirits. It was apparently inspired by the various ways of pronouncing Mr. Pinero's name:

" Witty and welcome Mr. Pinnero Made a hit with 'Moneyspinner,' oh ! Clever and crafty Squire Pinairo. Clever and crarty squire Pinairo.

Asted, said Carr, in a way unfair, chi
Luckless 'Low Water' Mr. Pincero

Makes his 'Lords' look 'Common' and queer,

Altogether we are gay just now. The people who are not gone down to the pigeon-shooting, baccarat and rou-lette, not to mention trente et quarante, at Nice, Cannes and Monte Cario, are making merry over the demise of the croupier en chef of the Prince of Monaco. This respectable old gentleman, who was called a Prime Minister, arranged the bargains of the Prince with Blanc and other gambling impresarii, including that very impertinent and underbred "sport" M. Dupressoir Prime Minister of the successors of the Grimaldi did not like the Baron de Chevrial, fall down dead at the supper but at the breakfast-table. Hence the following versicles

A "NICE" EPITAPIL "Baren Boyer de Sainte Suzanne, The Prince of Monaco's late head man, Has left behind a book, 'th said, Treating of Tapestry. Black and Red The colors should be in his hangings seen, Painted upon a field of green. Painted upon a field of green,
And if an achievement heraids emblazon,
And if an achievement heraids emblazon,
Let argent and or, eart throw their rays on;
While suble and gules upon a har stnister
Record the glory of Monaco's Minister.
Por Notre liams de Rouistite claims the man,
To the Demi Monde belongs Suranne."

Do you often play Dumas the younger's admirable

comedy "Le Demi-Monde" in New-Torkt And do yet believe in Demortats nil nisi bonum, or in Switt's dash-ing rejoinder, " when scoundrels die let all bemoat 'em "

Mr. Edgar Bruce's new theatre, "The Prince's," is very pretty and vastly convenient. It stands on the site of the old "Black Horse," a primeval public-bonse which marked the neasured mile from Hyde Park Corner. The stair-cases of the new theatre are of polished marble and the pavement is tesselated. It is altogether a charming theatre, reflecting limitic credit on the architect, Mr. Phipps. The house is excellently well; but the opening cregramme, at which the Prince of Walca, as 'in duty lound' was present, was dul. People are getting a Butle fired of Mr. W. S. Gübert's invertive humor, and mobely laughed at 'The Palace of Trut's pour, and bound "was present, was ann. Propositive period the tired of Mr. W. S. Gitbert's invertive humor, unbody laughed at "The Palace of Truth"—not ever good natured Prince of Wales. ""old Bestroot," of Wise Lord Afred Paget," went to sleep, and the really lively person in the house was Mrs. Hender formerly Mrs. Thoury and Miss Lydia Thompson, anxiously watched the performance of her daughter.

A great break has occurred in the phalanx of noble bachelors. Of these there were six—the Marquis of Hartfugton, the Duke of Portland, the Earl of Fite, Lord Scaforth, the Macquis of Stafford and the Marquis of Kildare. Of these three have yet to attain their full dignity. The Marquis of Hartington will be, if he survives his father, Duke of Devonshire; the Marquis of Stafford will be Duke of Stafford and the Marquis of Kildare. Duke of Leinster. The latter has just, as I long since said would be the case, married the Lady Hernione Duincombe, daughter of the Earl of Peversham, who is one of those fateful peers in whose family the heir is said never to succeed. The closest son of Lord Feversham, Lord Helmsley, is already dead, and only two, fives stand between a coronet and that one of the "sisters Leamar," music-hall vocalists and dancers, who married Mr. Herbert Dunsombe. Concurrently with this accomplished fact comes the announcement that the Marquis of Stafford is enranged to Lady Millheent St. Clair Erskine, daughter of Lord Rosslyn, one of the bost-looking and cleverest peers of Scotland. Of the remaining marriage-able but awkwardly situated lords it would seem that Lord Harrington is hopeless. Land Scaforth, "the sheep," not quite certain whether he is or is not married to a keeper's daughter according to the law of Scotland, and Lord Fife theavily engaged or involved in a Galile A great break has occurred in the phalanx of noble a keeper's daughter according to the law of sold and id Lord Fife theavily engaged or involved in a Gallie

alliance!

Mr. Phineas T. Barnum's elephant is by no means so white as he is painted. He is only gray, or as a "Chappie" said to me has now, a "grellephant." He is, too, a Burmese and not a Stamese beast. This observation refers rather to the avenue of communication than to the quality of the animal. White, or partially white, elephants come from Lao and get seaward to Burmah or Siam according to price and facilities of transit. The possibility of getting a white elephant through Burmah was, I believe, suggested to Mr. Barnum by Mr. Archibald Forbes, the famous war correspondent of The Duily News, who had an audience of the Burmese sovereign just before the historic massacre.

## THE BENJAMIN LETTER.

A STATEMENT BY THURLOW WEED BARNES. WHY HE BELIEVES IN ITS AUTHENTICITY.

To the Editor of The Tribune. SIR: The publication in your paper on Sunday last of a letter alleged to have been written in August, 1860, by Mr. Judah P. Benjamin, then a Senator, in Congress, and since the war Queen's Counsel in London, has evoked such widespread surprise, and incredulity that that it becomes a duty to show how the letter came into my pos session, and to explain upon what grounds a confident belief in regard to its authenticity is based. For this pur, pose permit me to trespose briefly upon your c

Soon after Mr. Thurlow Weed's death, in 1882, his correspondence and other papers, carefully preserved, were placed at my disposal, to aid in the work of preparing memoirs of his life. Among other letters was one in the handwriting of a member of the family who for a long period acted as Mr. Weed's amanuensis. This was indersed, "Copy of a letter from Mr. Benjamin to the Eng-lish Consul in New-York; original sent to Lord Lyons." Careful investigation was made before any decision was reached touching the publication of this document. It was positively ascertained that the letter as printed by you came into the possession of Mr. Weed abortly after the war, through an English gentleman, whose eminent character and distinguished attainments entitle him to the high regard in which he is held in England and America. This gentleman lived near Mr. Weed in New-York, for a time, and they were often together. It may be remembered that Mr. Weed had been in England and France in 1861 and 1862, deputed as the unofficial agent of this country to do what seemed in his judgment best calculated to allay the feeling of hostility toward our Government, which, it was then feared, might lead to foreign intervention on behalf of the Southern States. It was natural, therefore, that he should take deep interest in this document, after receiving, as he did, the best possible assurance that it was genuine. He kept it carefully in a place reserved for valuable papers, together with a etter from the gentleman above referred to, in which The main objection raised against the credibility of the

Benjamin letter is the argument that a Senator in Congress would not be likely in a letter to Her Britannie Majesty's Consul in New-York to mention his wish to properly approach" the British Minister at Washington. when a Senator may always easily procure an introduction to any member of the diplomatic corps, through the Committee on Foreign Affairs or some other channel at very simple reason that in August, 1860, Lord Lyons, the British Minister, was not in Washington, but in Canada, engaged in the festivities attending the arrival in America of His Royal Highness the Prince of Wales, who left England late in July, and in whose party Lord Lyons remained during the daughter Louise with her. The wife of the new Academician was in a blue velvet costume and hat Mille. Sarah Bernhardt, ostensibly written by that Portland in November. And it is equally flippant to say that during his Congressional life at Washington prior to children. It is to the misfortune of both sections that ugust, 1860, Mr. Benjamin must have madelthe acquaints ance of Lord Lyons; for that argument ignores the fact this infamy. This same Bonnetain, whose works if published in English would bring the vendors under Lord Napler as Her Majesty's Minister at Washington Another argument against the letter is the assertion that Mr. Judah P. Benjamin could not have written anything so bordering on the rhapsodical. This objection can be made only in gross ignorance of American political history. During the era of tremendous passion, just prior to the war, Mr. Benjamin was not surpossed in the violence of his rhetoric by any politician in the United States His speeches on the floor of the Senate, which, presumably, were written and spoken with the utmost degree of literary ability which he possessed, are by Vice-President Wilson, in his standard work on the "Rise and Fall of the Slave Power in America," deliberately called " wild, extravagant and meaningless rhapsody," ring to a speech by Mr. Benjamin in De 1860, Vice-President Wilson asks, "Could senseless fan faronade and brazen effrontery go further?" And again if anything more need be said on this point, Vice-President Wilson adds, "Can any limits be prescribed to the

folse and unmeaning use of words I" Were it at all to the point to say that Mr. Benjamin could not have written this letter because it is so foolish, it might with ten-fold force be said that Mr. Benjamin could not have delivered his speeches in the Senate, and we should be compelled to believe that they were pure fabrications, feisted upon the public, what actually occurred, but to serve the base purposes of some blographer.

The truth is that this letter, instead of impeaching the engacity of Mr. Judah P. Benjamin, is rather the most convincing proof which has yet been adduced of the adroitness with which leaders in the secession movement sought foreign alliances. It has been that no man well acquainted with our affairs in 1860 could have believed it possible to return the Southern was it not still the shrewdest possible stroke of diplomacy on Mr. Benjamin's part to seek to create the impression among men of high position in Her Majesty's Govern-ment that this was the South's real purpose! It is not believed that Mr. Benjamin seriously entertained the hope of securing the return of the "National Prodigals." His aim was deeper than that, nor was it in any degree visiouary or impracticable. He was defuly working to propitiate England, so that when hostilities b England would be inclined to intervene on behalf of the Southern Confederacy.

In an alleged conversation with a Paris correspondent. immediately after the letter appeared in this country, Mr Benjamin is quoted as saying, "There is not a word of truth in it." Not a word of truth in what I In the same dispatch the correspondent leads us to infer that the letter was not brought specifically to Mr. Benjamin's THURLOW WEED BARNES. attention. Young's Hotel, Boston, Feb. 1, 1884.

TOM OCHILIREE'S REPUTATION. As a TRIBUNE reporter sat chatting with Colonel " Tom " Ochiltree, the other day, while two or three Texas friends were grouped about, a young man packed the party and inquired of the tallest man

"Are you Mr. Ochiltree !" The Texan glanced slyly about to see that his friend the ed-headed Congressman was busy, and replied:

"Yes, sir: that is my name."
"I represent the ————" said the young man, naming a New-York daily, "and called to see if you would talk with me on politics." "Certainly I will, my dear sir. What do you desire to

I, we are all trying to find out who is to be the next President:
"That's just the thing I can tell you, of all other things in this world," said the Texan, as he seized the young man's button-hole. "I've made it a special study. I d bet 100 cents on the dollar I can name the winner. But up or shut up. My head for a footstool against a airpence I name the next man who occupies the White Rause."

can only tell you on your solemn promise not to give "Well, I promise. Now, who is to be the next Presi-"I am."

And as the young man discovered that he was beguyed and walked away, Colonel Octiffree looked qu

p and said:
"And this is the way my reputation is created."

BROADWAY NOTE-BOOK.

MEN AND THINGS, THE COUNTRY ROUND. THE PERSONAL NOTES AND NOTIONS OF A BROAD-

WAY LOUNGER. Anstin Corbin makes a very good magistrate for Long Island, of which he has become almost the Governor. His affection to the recent crimes there shows a plain people that it is sometimes advantageous to possess neighbor of means and enlightened self-interest that

Mr. Robert Garrett was in the city carly in the week. Upon him will probably develve the personal control of the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad after his father shall resign if, and the elder Garrett has for long past placed in Robert's hands the chief executive business Since Mrs. Garrett's death the father has been a goo deal reserved and lonely. He has two sons. Henry has aken much interest in books and antiquarian matters. and in the banking house founded by his grandfather Garrett has been his father's right arm for years.

Mr. Henry Oliver called my attention during the week o the generally small fortunes of the tariff-assisted capit talists, especially the iron and steel men. None of them rise to be great magnates in the financial world, and they frequently come to great straits. Yet the country is made to believe that they are sitting on its neck.

We have some of the best types of Southern families in this city. A son of General Highman, of the Confederate army, who is descended from Tench Tlighman, Washweek to the Board of Brokers. The very capable physician at the Fifth Avenue Hotel, Dr. Goldthwaite, is a nephew by marriage of John A. Campbell, once Justice of the Supreme Court, and perhaps the ablest lawyer in the South. He was married to a sister of Mrs. Goldthwalte, who was descended, I think, from Dr. Witherspoon, one of the lions of our Independence, though then but a recently transplanted Scotchman to our shores. Our fine local architect, Richardson, is a great-grandson of Joseph Priestly, the philosopher, whose daughter married a Louisiana planter, Priestly being in this country a voluntary exile at the time we acquired Louisiana. A leader of our New-York society, Mr. Ward McAllister, is a gentleman from Georgia. The late Judge Schley, who married Mrs. Henry Keep, was of an eminent Georgia family. Mr. Jefferson Davis's secretary, Mr. Burton N. Harrison, has been long in this city, and his wife has gained credit by her literary productions.

The Long Island murders show that crime does no merely go forward with enterprise upon the lines of emigration, as we find it among the Missouri bandits and the cowboys of the plains, through whose guifs and deserts passes lonely transportation with its express safes and its commercial messengers, but crime also lucks in the rear of society, where a certain palsy or stagnation has come and men are left to the devices of their own hearts. The sins of old and idle communities are unrelieved by busy occupation. Here is a man named Rugg -rather eminous name, since it suggests several of the noted names in fletion,—who seems to have returned into the barbaric Africanism out of which his fathers came, and like the tiger in India, which only becomes a man-eater by accident and after that will cat nothing but manmeat, he supported his female mate by little robberies accompanied with murders. To steal was not enough he found it easier to murder. The enterprise of a fev citizens who tracked him, across marshes and sluices by his foot-prints till they ran him down, proved of more avail than all the detective operations assembled around the several crimes of that locality, which had resulted chiefly in extorting confessions from the dazed wits of a few persons, whose remaining brains could not stand the excitement of any violence in such quiet demesnes.

The two Brigadier-Generals who are in deadly opposition at Washington, Kelfer and Boynton, represent the two parallel races which have advanced to the conquest of the West, the North-Irish and the German. Both these men are rather exaggerated types of these races. Mr. Kelfer has the stolidity, heavy impact and dragoon courage of the old Germanie soldiery. Mr. Boynton was in Kentucky at the breaking out of the war at a military academy, and he went into the Union army and suffered a severe wound. Embittered persona feelings often produce exargarated statements from both combatants, and after a superficial look at the merits of this case I should think that both the gentlemen had in-terpreted too much and allowed their recollections to be colored by the blood in their brains.

Mr. George Elliott, of Kingston, says that Presiden Arthur is very well considered by a great many Repub-licans, who give him credit for taking office under exceedingly nervous political and personal conditions and think he has assuaged fears and allayed wrath.

Some of the Southern ladies make the very bes Northern wives. The late Mr. Gorton, banker at Rochester, married for his second wife a Kentucky lady, who proved to be a most perfect mother of his motherless interchanges of social courtesies are not common to both sections. Fashion has played a strong part in dissuading the Southern ladies from receiving their Northern sis ters. Many of the former were poor and unable to make an appearance corresponding to their visitors. Fashion indeed makes the only distinction in American society The late James W. Bosler said to me that in the good old Dutch counties of Pennsylvania, where labor was every mestic servants, because in the old days the girls of the neighborhood came up-stairs after work was done and heard the conversation, whereas with the advance of wealth and dress they were no longer welcome up-stairs and went off to where they could get society, and soon narried, or if they remained single, observed: "We are not cared for as we used to be; they look down on us and ion't want us around, and some society we will have.

Lotta Crabtree, who has apparently made her way is London, in spite of an opposition in which have no doubt there was a certain element of antipathy to foreign artists, has cul no great figure on the stage intellection out her success has had much to do with the changing of our drama from grave and serious and well-considered pieces to variety entertainments. Making all allowance for exaggerations about the wealth of actors, she ought to be worth \$200,000. To establish her in New-York, Mr. Abbey, now the most prominent American manager exhibited all his peculiar force for the first time and ade himself also a name. Lotta is comely, though not a child any more, and she has had good offers of marriage. Philadelphians say that one of her sultors was Dr. Samuel Gross, son of the renowned medical author, and himself a man of appearance and genius.

Delaware is agitated about the appointment of United States Judge, the chief caudidate being George P Pisher, a man of kind intentions and gentle spirit, who has of late years had many misfortunes. He was Assistant Secretary of State at Washington when Henry Bu wer and John M. Clayton made the Clayton-Bulwer treaty in the interests of Anglo-Saxon peace and ma time civilization. Mr. Clayton loved Fisher, who was his student and wor-hipper. He is derived from one of the families planted by William Penn in his Terri-tories" on the Delaware; one of this family, Joshua Fisher, first used the quadrant invented by Godfrey and proved its efficiency. The quadrant was the perfecte astrolabe of Columbus, which made it possible for him t sail far to sea and steer by observation of the heavenly bodies. Another Delaware Fisher, Henry, was the dispatch agent of the American Revolution from the Capes of the Delaware to Philadelphia, and saved the lifegor Alexander Hamilton when he as Washington's aide went to Cape Henlopen in a boat pulled by renegade British prisoners of war who had formed a scheme to take the barge out to the British ship of war in the offing: Henry Fisher saw the signs of the mutiny, stood to arms, an frustrated the attempt. Although a slaveholder, or the son of one, Judge Fisher promptly joined the Republican party and Abraham Lincoln advanced him to the bench. He made a chivalrons judge. In an evil hour his son and another persuaded him to leave the beach to take the thankless office of [District-Attorney, that these young men might be established in the practice of the They committed trespasses; the judge was unable to cope with the entanglements of lobby and detective life, seeking to use his office on every occasion. A subsequent Administration's partisans decranded acts from the office the occupant resisted and could not help. But his neighbors have always felt for him that he was a man of generosity and rectitude, one of the earliest Repu lican Congressmen of the State, and in the worst days of Delaware kidnepping a dauntless friend of human rights To every milestone in life we some day come: to boots,

to a watch, to college, to love, to the first baby, to buoyancy and to the trials of career. Nothing but success is golden color-blindness. In the attempted humiliation by the way rise philosophy and strength like Samson's honey in the lion's carcass. And of what comfort then ar positive men, bold and uncompromising men, who know not moral fear! One such by our side in adversity is worth a troop of moral cowards. We feel as if the whole nation ought to be set to school again to practise on the adverb " No." For out of the mouth that dures say no the accent "Yes " comes like the princess's "Yes" to the | McKee Rankin played one night, only two or three

wooing knight. He we may have wounded in the little strifes of life walking forward to our aid with abasgation of resentment, seems to make the world bound heaven-He we never wounded, who, in cold, sleek, com ort-seeking, slides away and does not hear us callknow the Levite again who let the man from Jericho die of his wounds. The professions of Pharisces and their swell like rotten priestly incense to one whose nostrils filled with beavenly air, are expanded to his opposi-"Come help me!" Better is the sinner in his crimes, the beggar in his dirt, to walk with us through fire, than such as in self-pleasure and indifference seek to make a new religion and despise their day.

I was looking yesterday over the programme of Jenny Lind's first concert in New York, probably a third of a century past. It makes a rather thick book, with deep enamental borders around it. Benedict conducted the reliestra, and "the Swedish Nightingale" was assisted y Signor Belletti and by Mr. Jeseph Burke. Jenny Line sang five times out of nine. The words of her songs were printed in Swedish, German, Italian and English Her first piece began:

Why have I not the wings "Why have I not the wings
Of the untiring wind.
To follow thee, beloved.
Into foreign countries I
Where you are, let my sights
At least be borne.
Far from thee, my destiny
Has cruelly torn me,
Yet love will conquer all."

Jenny Lind's life is given in the programme, saying.

"On activing in New-York, which was on Sunday, the 1st September, crowds were in attendance on the steam and followed her carriage to the Irving House, and re-mained hovering about its [precincts during the greater art of the day. At night a grand serenade was given her by the Musical Fund Society. Musicanoiselle Lind appeared on the balcony of the hotel and bewed her thanks to them." Barnum's life is also given in the programme.

Our literature of transportation is only in its infancy notwithstanding Professor McMaster's book. pious soul many/years ago saved his pamphlets, and I re-cently bought a volume of them in which is a report on the Hudson River Railroad of the date of 1846, before that road was undertaken. Two or three points from it are curious. Says the engineer, John B. Jervis: " Chestnut cross sleepers are the only timber I propose to use it the superstructure, at the rate of seven sleepers to eigh teen feet. The price of iron rails delivered in New-York is \$75 per ton. I propose to use a rail weighing seventy pounds per yard. The average price of farms along the line is not far from \$60 an acre." The engineer laydown the entire cost of the railroad from Chambers-st. New-York, to Greenbush, opposite Albany, at \$6,000, 000. This programme was laid out for competition with steamboats which charged 50 cents for passage to

Albany, 50 cents for a berth, 50 cents for supper, and 12% cents to take care of baggage, making the cost to Albany \$1 62. The chairman of the great meeting to build the Hudson River Enilroad was the late Mayo Havemeyer. In the same book of pamphlets I have referred to above is a " description of the American Electro Magnetic Tele

graph now in operation (1845) between the cities of Washington and Baltimore, by Alfred Vall." It is Western Umon Telegraph Company with its enormous connections. In this advertising pumphlet the telegraphic alphabet and language are given and pictures are put in of all the instruments. I recently asked the electrician of the Western Union Telegraph, a French gentleman and a graduate of the

school of St. Cyr, if there was any company in the world o compare with the Western Union. With a good deal of the pride of his own country, my friend said: " No, the Western Union Telegraph is not only the greates orporation in electricity on the globe, but it producthe greatest results. It can put a message in six minutes from the hand of the sender in New-York into the hand of his factor in Chicago, and that includes the delivery of the message as well."

I am glad to see Bartley Campbell and Celia Logan and Mary Anderson all thriving by their compositions or acting. Actors make a great deal of studying a new part. When the Dramatic Festival was given at Cincinnati with most of the big actors of the country in it, I say cested that they ought to produce some play of Shake speare never seen in this country, such as "Pericles." A theatrical manager said to me: "Do you suppose these ctors will study a new part ! They would think it was as fremendous a matter as for you to write a book of five handred pages."

Cella Logan is a sister of Eliza and Olive Logan, and like all of that family is a warm-hearted, skilful, impulsive woman. She was the wife of the artist Kellogs, and is now the wife of a genial Irishman on the press. Like her sister Olive, she works hard and without complaint, and is never hard or crael upon her contemporaries Bartley Campbell has shown endeavor and tenacity, and none can envy his success and progress who have good numan instincts. Some people never entirely hate a man till he has accomplished something for the benefit of his species. I observed in a rather important paper in this country some time ago that Mr. Campbell was not named when his piece was announced, as if it would be of a gentleman who had done something good enough to be accepted by a theatre. I believe the time is at hand when meanness of this character will so effectually injure its utterer that even the meanest man will not dare so to not himself upon parade.

The United States requires above all things at present he impassioned exercise of the artistic spirit. We all be hold how old religious forms are running out, not from want of faith but because faith has been transferred from othing to something, from traditions to realities. In his decay of dogmas the brain and heart must spring ogether toward some other form of achievement. This coust be literature, composition and creation in all their ranches. These rich men and Senators who tell you that they do not know anything about a work of art ac count for some of the moral cylls of our time. To iden-tify a thing of beauty and of taste is a Christian test. riticism must cease treading down aspirants in the paths of creation and must take a back seat and let men who can do something be heard. The signs of the times

It is well to have had the controversy between Lawsence Barrett and Mr. Boker. The actor must learn to pay some deference to the author, and not to suppose but because he has discovered popular elements in an old play that he, therefore, is the author of it. Mr. Barrett s entitled to consideration for his enterprise in reading ruins of thirty or forty years ago, when our country, with far less luxury, had altogether more of the creative spirit in it, and Poe, poor and afflicted as he was, sought the pure realms of melody and melancholy, and Hawthorne turned inside out the genius of New-England and sat in inquest upon it. The time ought to be in the United States, as it now is in France, when after the exaustion of the physical forces and of political ambition the splendid artistic genius of the people flashes to all he world their manifold productions, and a New-York rich man pays \$40,000 for a little painting by Millet and "Manon Lescaut," an old piece of the seventeenth century, perhaps, rekindled by the composer and orchestrion, makes the round of the globe.

Mary Anderson, whom it took me years to do justice to from some little prejudice once formed, which I kept in-dulging without any knowledge of her growth and progress, has shown the possession of a talent hardly ecognized among her countrymen, and that is hard work. How else could she have so rapidly absorbed to England a new part and played it to the admiration of

It is well that we come to a full understanding of the British people in our artistic relation with them. While a just nation, after they can be made to see anything, they do possess from their insular position a hostility to foreigners which they consider almost their preservative life. Mr. W. C. Taylor, whose history of treland has been in print by the Harpers for at least a generation, remarks on this subject that all the evils of Ireland have arisen from their fondness for foreigners, instead of ind tating the English, who never liked any foreigners. No doubt there is a distinctination in England to seeing Americans entering their theatres and their journals, yet there is unquestionably an American party in England, though it hardly considers itself so. Men who undertake to storm the English theatres from this side encounter the chief opposition. But even the British are quable to resist beauty combined with talent. It may be one of our misfortunes that Miss Anderson will be so ther oughly attached on the other side of the water that she will become but a transient visitor with us.

Mrs. Edward Cowles, of Cleveland, sailed for Europe last Thursday morning to visit her daughter, Mrs. Pomeroy, the wife of our Consul-General to Egypt, who is very ill in Florence. Edward Cowles raised Altred Cowles, his brother, the publisher of The Chicago Prid was. The brothers were married to two sisters, delightful ladies from about Clifton, New-York. Mrs. Pomercy has a boy three or four years old. She is unable to it in Egypt on account of the climate.

I was told by a friend recently that when Mr. and Mrs.

weeks ago, on the east side of the city, they were appre hensive of the loss of both of their children by some sudden complaint, and went through their parts with the heart-ache, yet with such sacrifice that scarcely anybody in the house saw any diminution of interest.

I met an old soldler the other day who is sometalug of a politician; he said that while Logan is quite strong with his former comrades, and Grant retains all his old popularity and influence with the soldiers, yet the majority of them would resent any attempt on the part of the ex-General to control their votes, and many of them have very decided preferences for other commanders: for instance, one of the most influential among the soldier politicians of the West told me last week that Gresham, of Indiana, would have a powerful and intelligent support in the National Convention should his name be presented. General Gresham, said this gentleman, has an equally good military record with Logan

I was speaking to General Joshua Owens, of Philadelphia, last week about men and affairs there. He was born in Wales and came to this country when a child and went to teach a school at Chestnut Hill, near German-town, in the high parts of the Welsh hills. There he was married and his mother-in-law had a considerable farm.

A few weeks ago the Pennsylvanta Railroad, which is building a new line to that region, paid \$1,250 an acre for fifty acres of General Owens's land, which might have been considered a sale a few years ago at \$300 an acre.

General Owens entered the war as a colonel. He was originally a school-teacher, and kept an neademy at Chestnut Hill. He commanded one of the Irish regiments in the celebrated Irish Brigade. His futimacy with the Irish soldiery here led to bis establishing himself in New-York after he had filled public positions in Philadelphia. He ascertained in New-York that the lawyers and judges wanted some official and reputable guide to actions in the courts by which our immense legal fraternity and their clients could know the order of motions and trials and the results of the cases in Chambers and general verdicts, without having to throng around the Court House and wait and be in doubt. A bill was passed in the Legislature to create such an official paper, and Governor Dix sagned it. The New-York Dully Regis-ter is one of the most complete papers of its kind in the world. General Owen's son is one of the chief cieria. When he formed this paper, General Owens sent for General Anson McCook, of whom he had a high opinion, and Mr. John Bryan also came into the enterprise. General McCook was speedily made member of Congress from this city, and is now secretary of the Senate. General Owens still resides at Chestnut Hill, writes most of the leaders for the paper, and sends them on by mail. He is approaching his sixtieth year.

Said General Owens to me one evening 'as we were talking over reminiscences: "Did you ever hear how George W. Childs bought The Philadelphia Ledger? Whatever you may have heard about it," said the General, "let me give you my version. I knew Mr. Childs in Baitimore before he removed to Philadelphia. He kept a newspaper stand there and had a quick talent for books and periodicals. He went to Philadelphia and had a similar business, and when he saw an opportunity to publish the illustrated stery of the expedition of Dr. Kane to the Arctic regions, the Drexels, I think, advanced the money for the engraving and publishing of that book, which brought Mr. Childs \$75,000. He was married to the daughter of its publisher, Mr. Henry Peterson. Time passed along and Mr. Childs still published some books and introduced one of the sowing machines into Pennsylvania as its agent. For a time he was in Lippincott's publishing house as a partner. One day William Swayne, the principal owner of The Philadelphia Ledger, who had become tired of publishing is through troubles with his partners, the high price of paper, and indifference to the newspaper business, said to Mr. Childs: 'I think I will sell The Ledger.' 'What will you take for it I said Childs. There is no use of talking to you, said Swayne. 'You are not in a position to buy it.' 'Put a price upon it, said Mr. Childs, 'and I think I can raise the money.' The price was fixed. I think it was only \$75,000. He went up to the Drexels and said: I can raise one-third of this purchase-money, and if you take the rest I will buy the paper for you.' Consequently The Ledger passed into other hands, and by raising its price became again a rich property." Said is "How much does it probably pay, General ?" "I have aderstood," said General Owens, "that Mr. Childs's third paid him for some time, and probably does now, as much as \$60,000 a year. [Yes, and a great deal more.] He has invested a large amount of money at Bryn-Mawr, a few miles out of Phila-delphia, and is putting up a rural villa settlemens there such as the Pennsylvania Railroad will make at Chestnut Hill."

I asked General Owens about the extension of the Pennsylvania Railroad into the Reading Company's district. Said he: "The Pennsylvania's new track leaves the Jametion Railroad at Germantown Junction, has one station at Germantown, and comes to Chestnut Hill, where for the present it will stop. One of the bridges is staty feet high over a small creek. At Chestnot Hill they expect to establish a summer city of vilias, which are now going up there in every direction. ? Probably this railroad will penetrate Bucks County." vania is also building in the direction of the coal regions

A LIVELY BANK ACCOUNT.

THE DIALOGUE BETWEEN THE TELLER AND THE RED-HEADED BOY.

A THIBUNE reporter, who was making his snal weekly d-posit at an up-town savings bank, occupled a place behind a red-haired, freekied boy of the other messenger type. After passing up a battered and dog-eared bank book to the receiving teller, he proceeded to explore one after another of his numerous pockets. A long search among a miscellaneous assortment of keys, knives, match-safes and other articles finally developed the sum of thirty-three cents, which he handed up with malign twinkle in his abrewd gray eye.

"So you're back again I" growled the receiving teller, as he chased the coins over the slippery surface of the glass on the extreme edge of which the boy had carefully arranged them. . "You're running down pretty low on your account. I suppose you are afraid the bank would fail if you had more than a dollar here at a time."

"Well, I don't know," replied the boy in a ruminative tone; " I don't wanter run no risks. I know a feller over yer in a telegraph office whose brother had six dollars wunst in a big bank down-town eleven or eight year ago and it busted an' he never got only sixty cents outen

"Well," said the teller in a poppery way, as ho shu the book with a snap, "any time you're afraid of your money you just eame around and let me know, and I'll see you get it. Your account is too lively for us anyway. We can't keep it in sight half the time, too much here-to-day-and-gone-to-morrow about it. This thing of depositing twenty cents in the morning and drawing out lifteen about 2:35 p. m. is getting about played out.

"Why had Satzaday," said the teller, rudsing his voice,
"you had a balance of thirty cents and came around before I could get my could find the morning to deposit a quarter, airaid somebody would rob you, I suppose, if you waited till later in the day, and by ginger you were lack again at 10 'clock and drew out all but five cents. What was that for t"

"Wanted to go to a matinay with the feller in the telegraph office I wuz tellin' you about. You can bet if waz a boss show. Say, did you ever see the minstrels I' familied the boy with an affectation of the greatest interest. book with a snap, " any time you're afraid of your money

mired the boy with an affectation of the greatest interest.

No. I don't go to such low places, and if I'd known you drew that money out to go to the theatre with, I'm here to tell you, you would have stipped up on it."

"What people don't know don't hart 'em," answered the boy with a grin.

"Well, now, see here." continued the teller, as he handed the book over, your accessors is valuable, but hadn't you better transfer it to some bank where they can afford to hire one clerk to do nothing else but keep it! It would almost break our hearts not to see you half a dozen times a day, but we would try to bear up under it. You think it over, and if you conclude to follow my suggestion let us know a day or two in advance so that we'll be prepared to give you the entire amount that you're credited with."

NO CHILDREN OR SERVANTS NEED APPLY.

"Have you any children ?" asked the landlady of an uptown apartment house who had advertised suit of rooms for housekeeping, to a gentleman wh called to juspect them. "Two," was the reply.

"That settles it. I can't have children in the house Oh, air, I dote on children myself. But if they are in an apartment house, they soon get everybody into a quartel with everybody else." "But I have a servant to look after them."

"Well, trat would actile it, if the children didn't. We couldn't allows servant about, nohow. Why there's no knowing what the creatures are, and no reliance to be placed in them."

What do you charge for the suit of four rooms, may I ask!"

Fifteen dollars per week. But I might take a little loss. I've been in thisbushoes, at this stand, for eleven years, but times are not what they used to be. They tell me that it's hard to find tenants now. I have 'recommends' from persons who left those rooms, and many others who have been with me, and I have reduced the reuts much, but still I find it difficult to keep my rooms full."

"No doubt, with children and servants barred," said the gentleman drily as he turned and departed. The deaf mute put his finger on his mouth, shook his head, and produced a little state and pencil. "Can't speak!" wrote Fenderson. The man shook his head. Fenderson then wrote, "Why don't you try some other language! Everybody tells me that haglish is very bard to learn. Try French. I had a friend who kanned to speak it quite well in six months." The face of the dumb when Fenderson's sage advice was road was lumin one with mystification.—[Boston Transcript.